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ENGLAND THROUGH FRENCH GLASSES.

JOHN BULL is an important personage, whom one meets in every corner of the globe. He is chiefly remarkable for *rosbif*, cricket, the morning cold tub, the fifty-mile walk, and the hit from the shoulder which he alone knows how to give. John Bull's wife, when she is pretty, is an angel of beauty without her equal on earth; but when she is not pretty, she has dull eyes, prominent teeth, and no expression whatever. But in John Bull's daughters there is some consolation. The belle brunette of France walks out beside her escort and with downcast eyes; even in the country she picks her steps on high heels, crowned with a fifty-franc hat, and encumbered with a silk gown. See, on the other hand, the blonde English Miss going out to play lawn-tennis, simply dressed, with her hair in a knot under a straw-hat that cost next to nothing, and on her feet thick-soled shoes. Coming home again, she will devour her dinner without shame. She prizes health above elegance. The prettiest girls will even eat cheese and bite raw celery. Those girls are high-spirited as well as free; daughters of comfortable homes will work, teach, paint on china, to earn money.

'Home! There is a word that is wanting to us in the French language!'

The home of John Bull is a paradise of comfort; he has always one room set apart as a sanctuary for himself. It is called 'the growlery.' As for the mistress of the house, her happiness is based upon carpets and tea. Christmas is the family feast, the only moment in the year when the English give themselves to gaiety and put business aside. They excel in decorating their houses. The evergreens give the house a festal air, and are often most artistically placed. Then down the chimney comes some unseen mysterious visitor, to fill the children's stockings hung at the foot of the bed. Then is the postman the hero of the day, bringing love-letters, money-orders, Christmas-boxes. If he is run to death, he knows he can strike the iron while it is hot;

next day he will come round, and everybody will give to him.

Ah! but the king of the banquet is the plum-pudding! The faces of the guests beam, the mouths of the children open. The majestic monarch comes smoking hot, stuck with holly. Do you want to know how to make *le plum-pudding*?—A pound and a half of raisins, stoned and cut in two; half a pound of currants; a pound of chopped suet; a pound of candied orange and lemon peel; ten ounces of grated bread-crust; a pound of flour; a spoonful of powder to make it rise; ten ounces of sugar; half a pound of almonds; eight eggs beaten up; salt and spices; half a pint of pale ale, and a noggin of brandy—all mixed up well, and boiled for eight hours; 'and it will be perfect.' (So perfect, we may add, that it would risk a repetition of the famous scene, when, at the ambassadors' banquet at Constantinople, 'the English ambassador's dish' was brought in between two servants—a thin mixture in a caldron of hot water, a plum-pudding that had never been clothed and in its right mind.)

When John Bull takes away his bride, the relatives and guests of the wedding breakfast pelt him in the face, in the neck, in the back, with handfuls of rice and all the old slippers in the house. Let him turn up his collar and run through the hail-shower to the carriage. Off for the honeymoon—well earned too! The old shoes signify on the part of the parents: 'Ah! you wretch, you have carried off my daughter. There!—take that!' Perhaps the pelted pair take refuge on a tricycle and vanish. Double tricycles, called 'sociables,' are now the fashion for the honeymoon.

When John Bull goes to a concert, he listens with both his ears, and with his eyes shut; he has paid half a guinea for his seat. But when there is the same music in his drawing-room, everybody talks; and as soon as the pianist has finished, there is sudden silence, and then they say: 'Thank you!' All the women play, and nearly all play badly. There is not even a tallow-chandler's shop that has not its piano. If families

in London were to live as they do in Paris, having floors instead of whole houses, Bedlam, Colney Hatch, and all the other madhouses, would be filled to overflowing—by the piano. In the poor quarters, the German bands and barrel-organs, the yellow Italian with earrings, and the English girl in Italian dress, play in the streets, making a harvest of 'pennys,' and 'all the inhabitants' come out and dance.

John Bull's best shops have on the windows, *Ici on parle français*. Generally, the man that speaks French happens to be out. Fabulous sums are spent on advertising. The men who are hired to walk in line outside the edge of the pavement, carrying advertisement boards front and back, are called 'sandwiches.' 'The saddest spectacle that has yet been given to the world by the degradation of man is a string of sandwiches!'

In the streets, there are not omnibus stations and tickets, as in Paris. Every one runs after the omnibus here; it is an example of the survival of the fittest. Once in, John Bull keeps silence, and so do his neighbours. To do him justice, 'Beware of pickpockets, male and female,' is a printed notice sufficient to freeze his gallantry. Whether travelling, or in the most fashionable shops, or in the clubs, or even in the Parliament House, he still keeps his hat on. John Bull only takes off his hat on great occasions; for instance, at the sound of *God save the Queen*, when he salutes England and Her Majesty. His hat is his flag. As for the army, he rains ovations and honours upon the redcoats, as a whole, but he will not admit the individual soldier in uniform to public places of amusement. You may admire the luxuriant hair massed on the head of a pretty girl; but a single hair in the soup is objectionable, even if it belong to the object of your homage. It is precisely the same with John Bull and the soldiers.

He is martial rather than military. Even the games in which his sons delight are contests that are very dangerous. Football is a furious game of savages. Do you want a description of it?—Certainly, we answer; we have a capital English description in *Tom Brown*; do let us look at it through French glasses. *Eh bien!*—'Figure to yourself fifteen fine strong young fellows on each side, with a large ball in the middle, which it is their object to kick between the two goals of the opposite camp. They push, they tumble each other, they roll in a heap at the risk of breaking ribs or jaws; they are breathless, their clothes in rags, their shoulders cut, their hair on end, their faces scratched, covered with sweat and blood and dust, their eyes blackened but bright with ardour, for all this is nothing compared to a defeat.' All the youth of England, boys, students, officers, join in this ferocious game of savages. And they actually say: 'Fine game, sir!'

Your mention of rags, Monsieur, reminds us of a glimpse of the poor of our streets, where your glasses do not play such tricks as they did with those fifteen fine young fellows covered with blood and dust. Let us turn your glasses upon the clothing of our workers and our poor; it is a better focus; the picture is clear, and sadly true. Here we see London, the vast city of cities, combining the extremes of misery and of luxury: poverty—cold, starving, and abject; and wealth, with an annual revenue that would be a colossal

capital in France. Not only are they combined—they are mingled; everywhere, even in the best streets, the wretched are to be seen side by side with the rich, a perpetual reproach to the indifferent. The old clothes of the wealthy pass through innumerable hands down to the poor; they are worn till they fall to pieces of themselves. The wardrobe seller flourishes in every neighbourhood where working-people live. 'It is the spirit of independence and equality misunderstood which makes the poor dress like the rich. In the same way, it is a feeling of self-respect, a proper feeling as I judge it, which makes the working-classes of France prefer a garment which is cheap but new.' The workmen do not wear the blouse; many of them copy the clothing of the leisured classes. It is only by the degree of dust and wear that you can judge of the class to which the man belongs. Again, amongst the women and poor girls, what flowers, what feathers, what lace! Even the poorest children are clad for Sunday with a tawdry old finery that mocks their simple childhood and their sad poverty. We have seen them, and not through French glasses either, and thought with longing of the comfort of children of the same class in France, with their cotton gowns, their sun-bonnets, and strong *sabots*.

To come back to the city of cities, the stranger is impressed by hearing that the Metropolitan Railway alone carries more than a hundred million of passengers in the year; and that every morning—taking only the report for the City proper—a million of letters are delivered in the city of London. Early every day the City is overflowed with the influx of men arriving by vehicle and train; business is done at steam speed. 'You are requested not to speak except upon business,' says the placard in the office. And at steam speed John Bull eats his lunch; where hundreds of merchants and clerks are busy with knife and fork, you could hear the buzz of a fly. At four, the City begins to clear; at two o'clock on Saturday, it is deserted. All this impresses the stranger, perhaps as the secret of the way in which John Bull has become that 'important personage to be found in every corner of the globe.' He certainly has not a mind for those French songs sung by many another beside the famous little Dora Copperfield with the guitar—about the necessity of always dancing, *tra-la-la*.

If the stranger in the City looks up, he sees the electric wires spun overhead like the web of a gigantic spider. And if he be impressed with the London Docks, what would he think of the greater port at the broad Mersey mouth! 'The docks with their forests of masts—there is a sight never to be forgotten.' But the play of London is not as fine as its work. The civic rejoicings take the form of heavy dinners. The civic feast is a yearly procession which reminds one of the Carnival—troops, music, guilds with banners, circus-horses, sometimes camels and elephants, and, to close the march, the Lord Mayor in the place of the Shrove Tuesday fat bull.

It rains in London even in the houses; there are few that do not show traces of damp. Say to your landlord: 'It rains in your house;' he will say: 'Umbrellas are cheap.' Say to the builder: 'The dining-room wall is cracked.

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'Ah!' he will say, 'somebody must have leant against that wall.' So *Punch* reports—that amazing paper that achieves the feat unknown in cheap Paris prints of being funny and yet refined.

But who can speak of London without speaking of the fogs? They are of two kinds—the black fog and the peaspoup fog. The peaspoup fog is terrible. The gas is lighted in the streets, and even then you do not see. Traffic is stopped. For several hours it is a dead and buried city. The peaspoup fog 'seizes you by the throat and smothers you.' Yet about these fogs there are mistaken notions in France; one *can* go out in the streets of London without having to hold a comrade by the coat-tails. Moreover, the terrible peaspoup fog only seizes you by the throat and smothers you about fifteen times in the year. The other three hundred and fifty days have almost always the same mist. When the sun appears, it is delicious; they photograph it, so as not to forget it. And even the peaspoup fog is not incurable; the Lord Mayor and Corporation have taken it up, and there is hope.

In fine, John Bull has a tremendous empire, with India for its grandest jewel, and with a unique power of colonisation; and all this he keeps together, not by bayonets, but by moral force. He is more serious than his French neighbours; his judgment more calm, healthy, and solid; his patriotism of a better kind. The difference arises from climate, education, even from nourishment. A dinner of a pound of *rosbif*, a thick slice of plum-pudding, and a pot of beer, has a different mental effect from a dinner of a dozen of oysters, a wing of fowl, fruit, light pastry, and a bottle of pomard. True, my friend; but we thought the glasses were fixed straight and clear at last, and they have tilted off crookedly again and brought in that irrepressible *rosbif*. We despair. To look through French glasses as long as you have looked would hurt our eyes, as strangers' spectacles always do; but where their magnifying diverts us, we thank you; and where they see double, we return them to friendly hands. If Max O'Rell (*John Bull et son Ile*, par Max O'Rell; Paris, 1883) will look still better at the 'Island of John Bull,' he may yet find that other things beside London fogs are less black than they are painted.

THE ROSERY FOLK.

CHAPTER XXI.—NICE TASK FOR AN OLD MAID.

'I DECLARE,' said Aunt Sophia to herself, 'it is quite ridiculous as well as shocking. Here I seem to be set up as a sort of wedding bureau, for everybody seized with the silly complaint.'

'Ah, aunt, dear, it isn't a silly complaint—it's a very bad one,' sobbed Naomi, who had sought the old lady in her bedroom.

'Oh, stuff and nonsense, child!'

'But it is, aunt; it's dreadful—worse than anything. You never knew how bad it was.'

'No, child,' said Aunt Sophia softly—'so people say;' and she laid her hand tenderly upon the head of the sobbing girl.

'It—it's bad enough when—when you think—he loves you—and you—you—you are waiting—for him to speak; but—when—wh—wh—

when he doesn't speak at all, and—and—and you find out—he—he loves some one else—it—it breaks your heart,' sobbed poor Naomi. 'I shall never be happy again.'

'Hush, hush, my darling. Not so bad as that, I hope.—And pray, who is it that you love, and who loves some one else?'

'Nobody!' cried Naomi, lifting her face and speaking passionately, and with all the childlike anger of a susceptible girl with no very great depth of feeling. 'I hate him—I detest him—I'll never speak to him again. He's a wicked, base, bad man, and—and—I wish he was dead.'

'Softly, softly. Why, what a baby love is this! Come, come, Naomi; we can't all pick the bright fruit we see upon the tree; and, my child, those who do, often wish, as I daresay Eve did, that they had left it untouched.'

'I—I—don't know what you mean, aunt dear, but it's very, very cruel. I did think him so nice and good and handsome.'

'Poor child!' said Aunt Sophia, smiling as the girl rested her head upon her arm, which was upon the old lady's knee. And who is this wicked man? Is it Doctor Scales?'

'Oh, what nonsense, aunt! He has always treated me as if I were a child, and—and that's what I am. To think that I should have made myself so miserable about such a wretch!'

It was a curious mingling of the very young girl and the passionate budding woman, and Aunt Sophia read her very truly as she said softly: 'Ah, well, child, time will cure all this. But who has troubled the poor little baby heart?'

'Yes, aunt, that's right; that's what it is; but it will never be a baby heart again for such a man as Mr Prayle.'

'And so Mr Prayle has been playing fast and loose with you, has he, dear?'

'No, aunt,' said the girl sadly. 'It was all my silliness. He never said a word to me; and I am glad now,' she cried, firing up. 'He's a bad, wicked man.'

'Indeed, my dear,' thought Aunt Sophia, as she recalled Saxby's words.

'I—I—I went into the study this morning, for—I did not like it. I was hurt and annoyed, aunt, dear—Ought I to tell you all this?'

'Think for yourself, my dear. You have been with me these fifteen years, ever since your poor mother died. I am a cross old woman, I know, full of whims and caprices; but I thought I had tried to fill a mother's place to you.'

'Oh, auntie, auntie!' sobbed the girl, clinging tightly to her, and drawing herself more and more up, till she could rest her head upon the old lady's shoulder, 'don't think me ungrateful. I do—I do love you very dearly.'

'Enough to make you feel that there should be no want of confidence between us?'

'O yes, aunt, dear; and I'll never think of keeping anything back from you again. I'll tell you everything now, and then I'm sure you'll say we ought to go away from here.'

'Well, well—we'll see.'

'I thought I was very fond of Mr Prayle, aunt dear; and then I grew sure that I was, when I saw how he was always being shut up in the study with Kate, and it—it—'

'Speak out, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia gravely.

'It made me feel so miserable.'

Aunt Sophia's face puckered, and she bowed her head.

'Then I said that it was wicked and degrading to think what I did, and I drove such thoughts away, and tried to believe that it was all Cousin James's city affairs; and then I saw something else; but I would not believe it was true till this morning.'

'Well, Naomi, my child, and what was it?'

'Why, aunt— Oh, I don't like to confess—it was so shameless and unmaidenly; but I thought I loved him so very much. I—I—don't like to confess.'

'Not to me, my dear?'

'Yes, yes; I will, aunt dear—I will,' cried the girl, whose cheeks were now aflame. 'It's about a fortnight ago that one evening, when we were all sitting in the drawing-room with the windows open, and it was so beautiful and soft and warm, Mr Prayle got up and came across and talked to me for a few minutes. It was only about that sketch I was making, and he did not say much, but he said it in such a way that it set my heart beating; and when he left the room, I fancied it meant something; and I got up, feeling so terribly guilty, and went out of the window on to the lawn and then down to the rose garden, and picked two or three buds. Then I went round to the grass path, where Mr Prayle walks up and down so much with his book.'

'Because you thought he would be there, my dear?'

'Yes, aunt! It was very wrong—but I did.'

'And you thought he had gone out there to read his book in the dark, eh?'

'No, aunt dear; I thought he would be there waiting to see if I would go to him.'

'And you were going?'

'Yes, aunt dear.'

'Was he there?'

'Yes.'

'Waiting for you?'

'O no, aunt dear; for as I went softly over the grass, I stopped short all at once, and turned giddy, and felt as if everything was at an end.'

'Why, Naomi?'

'He was going by me in the darkness with his arm round some one else's waist!'

Aunt Sophia's face had never looked so old before, for every wrinkle was deeply marked, and her eyes seemed sunk and strange in their fixed intensity, as she waited to hear more; but Naomi remained silent, as if afraid to speak.

'Well, child, and who was it with Mr Prayle?'

Naomi hesitated for a few moments, and then said in a passionate burst: 'I did not believe it till this morning, aunt. I thought then that it was Kate; but it seemed so impossible—so terrible—that I dare not think it was she. But when I went quickly into the study this morning, Mr Prayle was just raising her hand to his lips. O aunt, how can people be so wicked! I shall go and be a nun!'

Aunt Sophia looked still older, for a time, as she tenderly caressed and fondled the sobbing girl. Then a more serene aspect came over her face, and she said softly: 'There, there; you have learned a severe lesson—that Mr Prayle does not care for you; and as to being a nun—no, no, my darling; there is plenty of good work to be

done in the world. Don't shirk it by shutting yourself up. Come, you have been almost a child so far; now, be a woman. Show your pride. There are other and better men than Arthur Prayle; and as to what you saw—it may have been a mistake. Let's wait and see.'

'Yes, aunt.'

'And you'll be brave, and think no more of him?'

'Never again, aunt dear. There!'

'That's my brave little woman.—Now, bathe your eyes, and stop here till the redness has gone off. I'm going down to write.' She kissed Naomi tenderly, and left her, making her way to the drawing-room, where she wrote several letters, one being to Mr Saxby to ask him to come down again for a day or two, as she wanted to ask his advice about an investment.

CHAPTER XXII.—JOHN MONNICK LOOKS AT HIS TRAPS.

It was one of those dark, soft, autumn evenings when the country seems dream-like and delicious. Summer is past, but winter is yet far away; and the year having gone through the light fickleness of spring, the heats of summer, with its changes of cold and passions of storm, has settled down into the mellow maturity, the softened glow, the ripeness of life which indicate its prime.

Doctor Scales was not happy in his mind. He was—and he owned it—in love with the imperious beauty, Lady Martlett, but he was at odds with himself for loving her.

'The absurd part of it is,' he said to himself as he lit a cigar and went out into the garden, 'that there seems to be no medicine by which a fellow could put himself right.—There,' he said after a pause, 'I will not think about her, but about Scarlett.'

He strolled slowly along, finding it intensely dark; but he knew the position of every flower-bed now too well to let his feet stray off the velvety grass, and as he went on, he came round by the open window of the drawing-room, and, looking through the conservatory, stood thinking what a pleasant picture the prettily lighted room formed, with severe Aunt Sophia speckled and reading, while Naomi was busy over some sketch that she had made during the day.

Mrs Scarlett was not there; but it did not excite any surprise; and the doctor stood for some minutes thinking, from his post of observation, that Naomi was a very pretty girl, as nice and simple as she was pretty, and that she would make a man who loved her, one of those sweet equitable wives who never change.

'Very different from Mrs Scarlett,' he said to himself, as he stood there invisible, but for the glowing end of his cigar. 'Ha! I don't like the way in which things are going, a bit.'

He walked on over the soft mossy grass, with his feet sinking in at every step, and his hands in his pockets, round past the dining-room to where a soft glow shone out from the study window; and on pausing where he could obtain a good view, he stood for some time watching his friend's countenance, as James Scarlett sat back in his chair with the light from the shaded lamp full upon his face.

'I'm about beaten,' the doctor said to himself. 'I've tried all I know; and I'm beginning to think that they are all right, and that if Nature does not step in, or fate, or whatever it may be, does not give him some powerful shock, he will remain the wreck he is, perhaps to the end of his days.—Yes, I'm about beaten,' he thought again, as he seized this opportunity of studying his friend's face unobserved; 'but I'm as far off giving up, as I was on the day I started. I won't give it over as a bad job; but how to go on next, I cannot say.—Just the same,' he muttered after a time, as he noted one or two uneasy movements, and saw a curious wrinkled expression come into the thin troubled face. 'Poor old boy! I'd give something to work a cure.—By the way, where's Prayle? I thought he was here.'

The doctor thrust his hands more deeply into his pockets and strolled away, threading his course in and out amongst the flower-beds, and then, thinking deeply, going on and on, down first one green path and then another, his footsteps perfectly inaudible; and as he walked on, his mind grew so intent upon the question of his patient's state, that the cigar went out, and he contented himself with rolling it to and fro between his lips, till he paused involuntarily beside a seat beneath the tall green hedge that separated the garden from one of the meadows.

'Damp?' queried the doctor to himself, as he passed one hand over the seat. 'No; dry as a bone;' and he seated himself, throwing up his legs, and leaning back in the corner, listening to the soft crop, crop, crop of one of the cows, still busy in the darkness preparing grass for rumination during the night. 'I wonder whether cows ever have any troubles on their minds?' thought Scales. 'Yes; of course they do. Calves are taken away, and they fret, and—— Hallo! Who's this?'

He tried to pierce the darkness as he heard heavy breathing, and the dull sound of footsteps coming along the walk, the heavy dull sound of one who was clumsy of tread, and who was coming cautiously towards him.

'Some scoundrel after the pears. I'll startle him.'

He had every opportunity for carrying out his plan, for the steps came closer, stopped, and he who had made them drew a long breath, and though the movements were not visible, Scales knew, as well as if he had seen each motion, that the man before him had taken off his hat and was wiping the perspiration from his face.

'Hallo!'

The man started, and made a step back; and the doctor told a fib.

'Oh, you needn't run,' he said. 'I see you. I know who you are.'

'I—I wasn't going to run, sir,' said John Monnick softly.

'What are you doing here?'

'Well, sir, you see, sir—I—I have got a trap or two down the garden here, and—and—I've been seeing whether there's anything in. You see, sir,' continued the old gardener in an eager whisper, 'the rarebuds do such a mort o' mischief among my young plants, that I'm druv-like—reg'lar druv-like—to snare 'em.'

It was rather high moral ground for a man to take who had just told a deliberate untruth;

but Doctor Scales took it, and retorted sharply: 'John Monnick, you are telling me a lie!'

'A lie, sir!' whispered the old man. 'Hush, sir! pray.'

'Are you afraid the rabbits will hear me?—Shame, man! An old servant like you.—Now, John Monnick, you know me.'

'Ay, sir, I do.'

'Now, don't you feel ashamed of yourself, an old servant like you, with always a Scripture text on your tongue, telling me a lie like that about the traps?'

The gardener was silent, and the doctor heard him draw a long breath.

'Well, sir,' he said at last—'and I hope I may be forgiven, as I meant well—it weer not the truth.'

'Then you were after the fruit?'

'I? After the fruit, sir? Bless your heart, no; I was only watching.'

'What! for thieves?'

The gardener hesitated, and remained silent.

'There, that's better; don't tell a lie, man. I think the better of you. But shame upon you! with your poor master broken, helpless, and obliged to depend upon his people. To go and rob him now, of all times. John Monnick, you are a contemptible, canting old humbug.'

'No, I aren't, doctor,' said the old fellow angrily; 'and you'll beg my pardon for this.'

'Beg your pardon?'

'Ay, that you will, sir. It was all on account of master, and him not being able to look after things, as brought me here.'

'I don't believe you, Monnick.'

'You can do as you like, sir,' said the old man sturdily; 'but it's all as true as gorspel. I couldn't bear to see such goings-on; and I says to myself, it's time as they was stopped; and I thought they was, till I come in late to lock up the peach-house, and see her go down the garden.'

The doctor rose from his seat, started.

'And then I says to myself, he won't be long before he comes, for it's a pyntment.'

'Yes. Well?' said the doctor, who, generally cool to excess, now felt his heart beating strangely.

'Oh, you needn't believe it without you like, sir. I dessay I am a canting old humbug, sir; but far as in me lies, I means well by him, as I've eat his bread and his father's afore him this many a year.'

'I'm afraid I've wronged you, Monnick,' said the doctor hastily.

'You aren't the first by a good many, sir; but you may as well speak low, or they'll maybe hear, for I walked up torst the house, and I see him pass the window, and then I watched him. Praps I oughtn't, but I knowed it weren't right, and master ought to know.'

'You—you knew of this, then?'

'Yes, sir. Was it likely I shouldn't, when it was all in my garden! Why, a slug don't get at a leaf, or a earwig or wops at a plum, without me knowing of it; so, was it likely as a gent was going to carry on like that wi'out me finding of it out?'

'And—and is he down the garden now?' asked the doctor, involuntarily pressing his hand to his side, to check the action of his heart.

'Ay, that he be, sir; and him a gent as seemed

so religious and good, and allus saying proper sort o' things. It's set me agen saying ought script'ral evermore.'

There was a dead silence for a few moments; and then the doctor hissed out: 'The scoundrel!'

'Ay, that's it, sir; and of course it's all his doing, for she was so good and sweet; and it's touched me quite like to the heart, sir, for master thought so much o' she.'

'Gracious powers!—then my suspicions were right!'

'You suspected too, sir? Well, I don't wonder.'

'No, no; it is impossible, Monnick, impossible. Man, it must be a mistake.'

'Well, sir,' said the old fellow sturdily, 'maybe it is. All of us makes mistakes sometimes, and suspects wrongfully. Even you, sir. But I'm pretty sure as I'm right; and for her sake, I'm going to go and tell master, and have it stopped.'

'No, no, man; are you mad!' cried the doctor, catching him by the arm.

'No more nor most folks, sir; but I'm not going to see a young woman go wrong, and a good true young man's heart broke, to save a smooth-tongued gent from getting into trouble. It'll do him good too.'

'Then you mean Mr Prayle?'

'Course I do, sir. There aren't no one else here, I hope, as would behave that how.'

'Where are you going?' said the doctor, holding the old man tightly by the arm.

'Straight up to master, sir.'

'No, no, man. Let me go.'

'To master, sir?'

'No, no. To Prayle—to them. Where are they?' The doctor's voice sounded very hoarse, and the blood flushed to his face in his bitter anger as he clenched his hand.

'They're down in the lower summer-house, sir,' returned the old man; 'and it's my dooty to take master strite down to confront him and ask him what he means; see what a bad un he is, and then send him about his business, never to come meddling here no more.'

Scales stood perfectly silent, but griping the old man's arm tightly. It was confirmation of suspicions that had troubled him again and again. He had crushed them constantly, telling himself that there was no truth in them; that they disgraced him; and here was the end. What should he do? The shock to his friend would be terrible; but would it not be better that he should know—better than going on in such a state as this? The knowledge must come sooner or later, and why not now?

The shock? What of the effects of that shock with his mind in such a state? Would it work ill or good?

'Poor fellow!' he muttered, 'as if he had not suffered enough. I never thoroughly believed in her, and yet I have tried. No, no; he must not know.'

'Now, sir, if you'll let go o' me, I'm going up to master.'

'No, my man; he must not be told.'

'It's my dooty to tell him, sir; and I'm a-going to do it.'

'But Monnick, I don't know what effect it may have upon him.'

'It can't have a bad one, sir; and it may rouse

master up into being the man he was afore the accident. I must make haste, please, sir, or I may be too late.'

'No, Monnick; you must not go.'

'Not go, sir? Well, sir, I don't want to be disrespectful to my master's friends; but I've thought this over, and my conscience says it's my dooty, and I shall go.' The old man shook himself free, and went off at a trot, leaving the doctor hesitating as to the course to pursue.

Should he run after and stop him? Should he go down the garden, interrupt the meeting, and enable them to escape? 'No; a hundred times no!' he muttered, stamping his foot. 'I must stop him at any cost.' He ran up the garden; but he was too late, for before he reached the house he heard low voices, and found that Scarlett had been tempted out by the beauty of the night—or by fate, as the doctor put it—and was half-way down the path when Monnick had met him.

'Who is this?' he said in a low, agitated voice, as the doctor met them.

'It is I, old fellow,' said the doctor, hastily.—'Now come, be calm. You must govern yourself. Has he told you something?'

'I wanted no telling, Jack,' groaned Scarlett. 'The moment he opened his lips, I knew it. I have suspected it for long enough; but I could not stir—I would not stir. He, my own cousin, too; the man I have made my friend. O heaven, is there no gratitude or manly feeling on the earth!'

'My dear boy, you must—you shall be cool,' whispered the doctor. 'You are in a low nervous state, and—'

'It is false! I am strong. I never felt stronger than to-night. This has brought me to myself. I would not see it, Jack. I blinded myself. I told myself I was mad and a traitor, to imagine such things; but I have felt it all along.'

'And has this been preying on your mind?'

'Preying? Gnawing my heart out.—Don't stop me. Let us go. Quick! He shall know me for what I am. Not the weak miserable fool he thinks.—Come quickly!—No! stop!' He stood panting, with Scales holding tightly by his arm, trembling for the result.

'Monnick, go back to the house,' said Scarlett at last in a low whisper; and the old man went without a word.

'Now you: stop here,' said Scarlett, in the same low painful whisper. 'I will not degrade her more by bringing a witness.'

'But Scarlett—my dear old fellow. There must be no violence. Recollect that you are a gentleman.'

'Yes! I recollect I am not going to act like a ruffian. You see how calm I am.'

'But it may be some mistake. I have seen nothing. It is all dependent on your gardener's words. What did he tell you?'

'Hardly a word,' groaned Scarlett, 'hardly a word. "Prayle—the summer-house." It was enough. I tell you, I have suspected it so long. It has been killing me. How could I get well with this upon my mind!'

'But, now?'

'Stay here, man—stay here.'

'Promise me you will use no violence, and I will loose your arm.'

'I promise—I will act like—a gentleman.'

The doctor loosed his arm; and drawing a long hissing breath, James Scarlett walked swiftly down the garden-path to where, in the moist dark shades below the trained hazels, the summer-house had been formed as a nook for sunny scorching days. It was close to the river, and from it there was a glorious view of one of the most beautiful reaches of the Thames.

James Scarlett recalled many a happy hour passed within its shades, and the rage that burned within his breast gave place to a misery so profound that, as he reached the turn that led to the retreat, he stopped short, pressing his hands to his throat and panting for his breath, which hardly came to his labouring breast. And as he stood there, he heard his cousin's voice, in the silence of the evening, saying softly: 'Then you promise? I will be at the station to meet you, and no one will know where you have gone.'

James Scarlett's brain swam as he heard the answer. It was: 'Yes!' A faithful promise for the next evening; and as he listened and heard each word clearly, he staggered back and nearly fell. Recovering himself somewhat, though, he walked slowly back, groping in the dark as it were, with his hands spread out before him, to keep from striking against one or other of the trees. The next minute, the doctor had him by the hand, and was hurrying him away, when Scarlett gave a sudden lurch, and would have fallen, had not his friend thrown one arm about him, and then, lifting him by main force, carried him to the house. The French window of the study was open; and he bore him in and laid him upon a couch, where, after a liberal application of cold water to his temples, he began to revive, opening his eyes and gazing wonderingly round. Then, as recollection came back, he uttered a low sigh, and caught at the doctor's hand. 'Kate!' he said softly. 'Go and fetch poor Kate.'

DOCKS.

THERE are few people to whom a visit to the docks does not prove interesting, and most of our distinguished visitors are shown one or more of the numerous docks of the United Kingdom. A tour round the docks cannot fail to be full of instruction, every ship and package bearing witness to the magnitude of the interests of this country in every part of the world.

Docks are usually defined as artificial basins for the reception of ships. They are of two sorts—wet and dry. Wet docks are generally made with gates, to retain the water at high-tide level. Ships are let through these gates at high-water; and the gates being shut before the tide goes down, the ships are kept constantly afloat in a depth of water which, in the Thames, is often fifteen or twenty feet more than that outside. Dry docks are used for the building, examination, and repair of ships, which are floated in; and the water either flows out with the ebbing tide, or is pumped out after the gates or caisson are closed.

The question is often asked: What is the use of docks? The docks on the Thames were originally made for the purpose of stopping the

robberies of produce whilst being conveyed in barges up and down the river, estimated to involve a loss to the revenue exceeding half a million pounds a year. But there are other uses in docks besides the security against pillage. A large vessel, particularly if loaded, could not lie on the ground without being injured even in calm weather; and in rough or stormy weather, her destruction would be inevitable. Even smaller vessels would suffer strain unless the ground was very soft. Attempts have been made to provide the required accommodation by means of piers fixed at such a distance into the sea that vessels would not touch the ground notwithstanding any variation in the tide; but such a plan can only be carried out at special places, and there is great inconvenience, owing to the constant shifting of the ship's position. In docks, the water is practically always of the same depth; a ship is perfectly sheltered in rough weather; and there is no risk of collision.

Wet docks are the places usually selected for discharging and loading ships. Sometimes this work is done by the servants of the Dock Companies, sometimes by the crew of the ship, sometimes by stevedores hired by the owner of the ship. In these times of expensively built steamers, when an hour idle is money actually lost, the operations of discharging and loading are carried on at a rate which would have taken away the breath of the last generation of dock employés. Thirty years ago, it was considered fair work to discharge a vessel of fifteen hundred tons in a fortnight; whilst loading, which is generally a slower operation, was completed within perhaps a month. Now, not a minute is lost after the arrival of a vessel before work on her commences with the greatest speed consistent with safety; and a steamer of fifteen hundred tons is often unloaded and off again full of another cargo equal in quantity within forty hours of her entry into the docks.

It is commonly supposed by strangers who visit the docks that the produce stored in the warehouses is the property of the Dock Companies; but this is not the case. The Dock Companies, with scarcely an exception, import nothing; they are, as a body, neither growers, producers, nor importers of produce—simply custodians. They discharge the vessels and house the produce, reporting upon its condition to the merchants interested, and furnishing, usually, samples of the goods. In most docks, the warehouses are placed near the edge of the quay to receive the goods landed from the ships; though, as a rule, the percentage of cargo left in dock warehouses, especially perishable articles which are sold before arrival, is not very high. But produce of value, such as tea, coffee, indigo, drugs, &c., have to be 'worked' for sale purposes; and this term embraces the opening of the package, examination for sea-damage, sorting into qualities, and a host of other operations required by sellers

and buyers. Some warehouses have eight or nine floors; but the top floor is preferred for 'working,' for the obvious reason that it is generally better lighted than the others. The stocks of produce in docks are enormous. In London, there are at the present time nearly half a million tons of goods in the warehouses attached to the docks; and as every package is subject to several varying manipulations, it will be seen that great powers of organisation are required to manage a dock efficiently and cheaply.

A regular staff of labourers is usually employed at docks, and the nationality of this class is, as a rule, Irish, as the orders and responses given in the course of work unmistakably show. The nature of the work is dirty, rough, heavy, and dangerous; yet there is an unflinching supply of labour offered, and, as a rule, the men employed permanently are admirable specimens of national strength and vigour. About the last resource of men who have failed in other walks of life is to apply at the dock gates for work as extra labourers; and no more painful sight can be seen than the faces, marked by penury or dissipation, of men eagerly pressing forward as candidates for a remote chance of employment at the rate of fivepence an hour. Considering the amount of work got out of him, the dock labourer is perhaps worse paid than any other toiler, not even excepting the agricultural labourer, who enjoys advantages unattainable by his town representative. The homes of most of the men are of the most wretched description, owing to the impossibility of obtaining proper quarters in large towns at a rent within the reach of dock wages, and the worst consequences of such unhealthy conditions follow in the low moral tone of the dock labourer. At Barrow, the dock authorities have erected a handsome pile of buildings for the use of their men, the rent for five rooms varying from four shillings and sixpence to six shillings and sixpence a week. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, and should be followed at other and more important ports where the necessity for the accommodation is far more pressing.

Mud is one of the greatest enemies which beset docks and harbours, and the removal of mud is a very costly item in the expenses of a dock. At some ports, like Hull and Leith, the water holds an immense amount of soil, which begins to settle immediately the gates are shut, and if not speedily removed, becomes a hard mass. At Liverpool, sluices are arranged to keep the water in motion, in order to prevent any deposit; but we have yet to learn that this scheme has successfully answered its purpose. As a rule, there is no difficulty in disposing of the mud raised by the dredgers, the practice being to tow the barges a mile or two away, and, by opening movable bottoms, to let the soil fall into the sea. But at London, where the sea is a hundred miles distant, this plan cannot be adopted, and the Conservators of the Thames naturally object to the further pollution of the river. The only

course open, therefore, is to shoot the mud on lands below the level of the river, near the docks; but as these sites become filled up and raised, the difficulty of finding suitable mud-shoots becomes greater, whilst the increasing value of river frontages near London further augments the expense of the disposal of the mud.

As far back as 1592, Blackwall was noted for its great harbour of shipping, which harbour in all probability gave rise to the idea and subsequent formation of docks. The first wet dock in England, however, appears to have been the Howland great wet dock at Rotherhithe, on the south side of the Thames. This dock was built in 1660, and was used for the Greenland trade. The next dock was made at Liverpool, about fifty years afterwards. The time, however, when the greatest activity was shown in building docks was at the beginning of the present century, when works of engineering skill received a great impetus. In 1800 there was not a single dock in London beyond that at Rotherhithe. Ten years later, were in existence and in full working order, the West India Dock, the East India Dock, the London Dock, and a further extension of the docks at Rotherhithe, now known as the Surrey Commercial Docks; the total area of dock accommodation being in that period raised from about ten to two hundred acres.

The West India Dock, as its name indicates, was intended for the West India trade; and the merchants interested in that trade obtained the original capital of half a million sterling in two days; and a charter was granted by George III., providing that for twenty-one years after the opening of the dock, every vessel from the West Indies arriving in the Thames should be discharged in the West India Dock. This trade was relatively far more important at that time than it is now, as we depended almost entirely upon the West Indies for our sugar; and as the Dock Company were allowed to make very high charges—as much as six shillings and eightpence a ton being levied on ships entering the dock—dividends of ten per cent. per annum were paid and a large reserve fund accumulated, which was, however, subsequently absorbed by a reduction in the charges whilst payment of the same dividend was continued. But although the charges were so exorbitant, it was considered a great improvement to use the docks, in preference to allowing ships to lie out in the stream with the cargo at the mercy of the river-thieves. No sooner were the West India Docks established, than the East India Company promoted the East India Dock for the accommodation of their magnificent ships; and at the same time, the London Docks were built. The latter docks were intended for the reception of ships laden with tobacco, wine, and brandy, and in respect to such vessels, a charter similar in terms to that granted to the West India Dock was obtained. Later on, the St Katharine Dock was constructed near the heart of London; and more recently, the Victoria, Millwall, and Royal Albert Docks. The total water-area of the docks of London is about four hundred and fifty acres; whilst the ground covered with sheds, buildings, and roads, must be three times that area. The length of the quays is about twenty-two miles. Some idea of the extent of the business done at

the docks of London may be realised from the fact, that on a busy day in the summer they supply employment to twenty thousand persons, and that the amount paid for labour alone exceeds nine hundred thousand pounds a year.

As a seaport, Liverpool is the great rival of London. The length of the dock quays at Liverpool is thirty miles; and as the capacity of docks is now estimated by the length of quay and not by the area of the water inclosed, Liverpool is decidedly better off in dock accommodation than London, although the docks on the Mersey are not individually of the dimensions of those found on the Thames. The rapid rise of Liverpool has almost passed into a proverb. It was in 1709 that the first dock was projected, and at that time eighty-four ships, with a burden of five thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine tons, belonged to the port. Fifty years later, a second dock was constructed; and since that time, fresh docks have been built at intervals, which have rapidly increased in recent years, till, at the present time, the whole of the river-frontage of the city, of a length of five miles, is covered with docks, and the tonnage entering and leaving the port is over twelve million tons a year. On the river-side of the docks a sea-wall has been constructed, averaging eleven feet in thickness and forty feet in height; and bearing in mind the difficulties attending its construction, this wall may be considered as one of the greatest works of modern times. Unlike the docks of London, which belong to four private companies, the docks of Liverpool are vested in a corporation called the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, and the docks are worked for the public benefit, and not with the object of paying a dividend. The chief cause of the extraordinary rise of Liverpool has undoubtedly been the prosperity of the manufacturing interests at Manchester, Bury, and other large towns in the immediate district, which have no adequate water-access; but a great deal of the success has been due to the bold foresight of the inhabitants of Liverpool in meeting and anticipating the requirements of trade.

No greater enterprise in dock works has ever been shown than at Glasgow; nor need the promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal and Docks faint or grow weary, with the example of Glasgow before them. The Clyde abounded in shoals; and in 1775, vessels drawing more than six feet could not come up to Glasgow except at spring-tides. But the river has been so deepened, that now vessels drawing twenty feet can lie at the quays at Glasgow at any time, and Glasgow is the third port of the United Kingdom. There are not many docks of the ordinary type; but the Clyde, which is a much narrower river than the Thames or Mersey, has been cleverly adapted to afford the accommodation usually given in docks.

We have not more space to refer to the docks in other ports except to add that there are splendid specimens of these great works at Hull, Bristol, Cardiff, Grimsby, Barrow, Southampton, Lowestoft, Leith, &c., all of which have been established within the last seventy years; while at Tilbury, important new docks are in course of construction.

There is a close connection between docks and railways; and in these days, a dock whose quays

are not directly in communication with the great trunk-lines of railway, is behind the age, and will certainly not prosper. The object of this communication is to avoid the unnecessary handling of goods, for handling means increased cost to the consumer. The capital invested in docks and harbours in the United Kingdom cannot be less than three hundred million pounds, or nearly half the amount of the capital spent on railways. There are three agents indispensable for developing a trade such as that carried on by our merchants, namely, steamers, railways, and docks; and in these, we have, through the enterprise of our forefathers and of the men who now lead in the commercial world, ever been pre-eminent.

MISS RIVERS'S REVENGE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

VERY promising, too, were the events of the next day. I felt that the man I hated was paying me attention above my fellows. Of course, it was not marked enough to attract notice, but attention it was, undoubtedly. He walked with me, and told me, among other things, a great deal about his early life and struggles for success. He was quite interesting, so much so, that I wished I could check these confidences. I feared that his talk might awaken a suspicion of sympathy in my mind, which would grievously interfere with my still nursed revenge.

That evening, he repeated his request that I would sing; but after the way in which I had misled him, I knew he only urged me for the sake of politeness. I commenced with one of those little ballads which he so much disliked; an easy, simple, little thing, which could only be borne out of the commonplace by feeling on the part of the singer. I glanced at him as I finished the song. He thanked me quietly, but I saw he looked puzzled. Then I placed Beethoven's *Adelaide* before me, and sang it as I had seldom or never before sang it—entirely to my own satisfaction. I rose from the piano, and our eyes met. He did not join in the chorus of thanks; but I knew he was more than moved; and as he followed me to my chair, I exulted, as I thought that the pet weapon in my armoury had struck well home.

'Miss Rivers,' he said, 'I thought no amateur in England could sing that song to her own accompaniment as you sing it. I can only congratulate you, whilst blaming you for deceiving me so, last night.'

I thanked him for his compliment; and for the rest of the evening Mr Hope talked little except to me.

There!—I will write no more about it. Now, I am utterly ashamed of it all. Had it not been for my resolve to reject it when offered, I would have stooped to win no man's love—not even Vincent Hope's. But in five days I knew that my work was done and fully done—so fully, that I dreaded the result of it, and began to wish I had not been so vindictive. Worse than all, friends—as friends will—were exchanging knowing glances, and commenting on the relations which appeared to exist between my foe and

myself. Could I have conquered my nature, and decided to forego my revenge, it was now impossible to do so. For my own sake, matters must come to a climax, that all might see how little I cared for the man.

One night, as I sat in my dressing-gown over the fire, trying to make up my mind to tear myself from the pleasant glow and get into bed, Mabel Lighton entered my room. She was a good true girl, who spoke her mind freely, and at times lectured even me. 'Heritage,' she said abruptly, 'what do you mean to do with Vincent Hope?'

I could not for the life of me help changing colour, and was compelled to shield the cheek nearest Mabel with the fan which had been protecting my eyes from the firelight.

'Do with him! I don't know what you mean.'

'Yes, you do,' retorted my mentor. 'Had it been any one but you, Heritage, I should have called her a flirt. But you are not a flirt, we know.'

'What have I done, Mabel?' I asked. The screen was still between us.

Mabel quietly pushed it aside; then placing her hands on my shoulders, scrutinised my face in a most uncomfortable manner. 'You have done this, and who can wonder at it? You have gained that man's love entirely. But, although it seems so unlike you, I believe you have brought him to your feet for vanity's sake. Heritage, he is a good man—a proud man. If you mean to give him nothing in return, I should say his life will be wrecked. Do you love him, or are my fears well founded?'

In some fashion, I was bound to reply. I sought refuge in levity. 'When I am moved to confess my sins, Mabel, it will not be to you, but to some nice ascetic high-church curate.'

'Don't talk nonsense. I am in bitter earnest. Vincent Hope will surely ask you to be his wife. You are rich, and he is comparatively poor; but I know that will not influence you. Only I say again, if you refuse, you are to blame for all that happens.'

This must be stopped at any cost. Until now, I had always believed that hysterics and affectation were synonymous.

'Mabel,' I said, 'I hate Vincent Hope; but at this moment I think I hate you even more! Go to bed. I am too tired to say another word; so go away.'

Therewith, I got into bed, turned my face to the wall, and left Mabel to put out my candle and get back to her own quarters when she thought fit.

I was annoyed and ashamed. She had nearly accused me of what I had in truth been guilty of—making love to my enemy. As people noticed my conduct, it became more and more necessary that I should clear myself from all such imputations. This could be done in one way only.

Perhaps I had the grace to avoid Vincent Hope somewhat during the next two days. Perhaps that very avoidance hastened the catastrophe. But on the third day, chance—pure chance, mind—left us together and alone. For a moment there was silence between us; then he drew near to me, and said in a quiet earnest voice: 'Heritage, I love you. Will you be my wife?'

I could not answer. All I could do was to prevent myself breaking into hysterical laughter.

He tried to take my hand. 'Heritage, my darling! I think I loved you the moment I saw you. Look up, and answer me. Say you love me, and will be my wife!'

His wife! After hating him for so long—after Mabel's reproaches—after winning his love in a way the thought of which made me blush! Never, never, never!

So I steeled myself—drew myself up to every inch of my height—looked him full in the face—triumphed, and took my revenge. I hope and think I spoke composedly, if not coldly.

'Mr Hope, you honour me greatly, but it cannot be. Please, never mention it again.'

His face was very pale; and when an expression of positive pain left it, grew stern, almost hard. My manner must have convinced him I was in earnest. No doubt, had I wished, I could have made him fall at my feet and plead passionately. But then, unless one is an utter savage, vindictiveness must be limited. I had done enough.

Perhaps, under such trying circumstances, no man could have behaved in a more dignified manner than did Mr Hope.

'I am to understand,' he said calmly, although there was a look in his eyes I dared not meet—'I am to understand you—you do not love me?'

I bowed.

'Please, let me hear you say so,' he said.

'I do not. Let us say no more about it. I think I will go back to the house now.'

We walked in silence until we were close to the gates. Then he said: 'Unless my presumption to-day makes my presence unbearable to you, I shall stay two days longer, as I promised Mr Lighton. It is not worth while to set people inquiring as to the reason for a hasty departure.'

'Certainly not,' I answered. 'Stay as long as you wish; or, if you prefer it, I will leave.'

'That is out of the question,' he replied, as we crossed the threshold and parted.

I went to my room—to exult, of course, in my revenge. It was so full, so complete, so exactly as I planned it. And writers and poets say that revenge is sweet. O yes, it was very, very sweet to me—so sweet, that I double-locked the door, that no one might see how much I enjoyed it—so sweet, that I threw myself on my bed, and thought my heart must break as I sobbed and wept; for the truth must be told—I loved Vincent Hope even as he said, and as I hoped he loved me. Yet, for the sake of vanity, I had to-day rejected the love of a man, the best, the noblest, the cleverest in the world! I had hurled my hoarded stone, and right well it had fulfilled its mission; but its rebound had crushed me. O yes, revenge is very sweet!

I rose, and walking up to the Heritage Rivers in the cheval glass, shook my fist at her violently. 'You fool!' I said to her. 'A nice mess you have made of life! Revenge, indeed! Call it by its right name, folly. Go and clothe yourself in sackcloth—cover your head with ashes, and cry your eyes out for to-day's work.' Then Mabel's words about a wrecked life came to my mind; and although I could not believe that the happiness of such a man as Vincent Hope could

be dependent upon an idiot like myself, I thought of that strange look I had seen in his eyes—that look no resolution of mine could make me meet. So I went back to bed once more, and cried and abused myself. Ay, revenge forsooth, revenge is sweet!

In spite of all, I determined to go down to dinner. I would do that much, for his sake. It should not be suspected that anything had gone wrong between us; and I knew that, if I stayed away, Mabel, for one, would certainly guess what had occurred. This, if I could prevent it, should be known to no one. I smiled grimly as I thought how my revenge must fail in this; that the world would never know what I had scorned and refused. I made a great effort; dabbed my eyes with rose-water, and went down-stairs in passable trim.

To-night, we were not side by side, but sat directly opposite to one another. Mabel was right—Vincent Hope was a proud man. His discomfiture was no concern of the world's, so he showed no traces of it. All save one at that table would have said that his heart was gay and light. No one would have dreamed that, a few hours before, his love had been refused by an idiot of a girl. He laughed and jested; anecdote and witty repartee fell unceasingly from his lips. He held the whole talk, or every unit of the party talked to him. Yet, woman-like, I noticed that he drank more wine than was his usual custom, and at times there was a sharper, harder ring in his voice. Had it not been for this and the remembrance of the look which still haunted me, I could have believed he had forgotten or brushed away from his mind the events of the day. Vincent Hope was a proud man, and Heritage Rivers a fool!

I would rather say nothing about the next two days. I hated myself so much, that I wonder I have ever forgiven myself—perhaps I never have. All I care to say is that none even suspected what had happened; even Mabel began to think that the accusation of flirting should lie at Vincent Hope's door, not mine; for although he talked to me when needful, it was easy to see that his manner was changed.

The morning of the third day came, and I knew that in a few hours we should shake hands, part, and there would be the end of everything.

Blaize is fifteen miles from a railway station, and that station is so unimportant that very few trains stop at it. Vincent Hope, to reach town that evening, was obliged to start betimes. Soon after luncheon, Charlie Lighton and the dogcart were waiting to take him to the train; and after many expressions of regret from host and hostess, he took his seat and was ready to start. Of course our hands met, as, in common with every one else, he bade me adieu—a quiet polite adieu, nothing more—not even coupled with the conventional wish we might meet again. Why should he wish to meet me again? Our encounters as yet had not been happy in their results to either! That accomplished whip, Charlie, gathered up the reins, and with a last, all-embracing good-bye, Vincent Hope was sped away along the winding carriage-drive, and, for the first time in her foolish life, Heritage Rivers knew that such things as broken hearts may be found outside romances.

Something was afoot that afternoon—walking party or skating party; for it was the middle of January and bitterly cold. Now that the necessity of keeping up appearances for another's sake was at an end, Miss Rivers—my unworthy self—felt very much like breaking down and disgracing herself. She longed for solitude, and made some excuse to stay at home. As every one was bound on the expedition, she had the house practically to herself. After bemoaning her wickedness and folly for some time in the sanctity of her own chamber, a strange craving came over her. She felt she must go down and sit in the little room which adjoined the library; and although censuring her own weakness, she yielded to the impulse.

Vincent Hope, in spite of his resolve to spend his time at Blaize House in well-earned idleness, had been unable to do so exactly. Ominous rolls of printed matter came by post—a sin of long standing, he said, which publishers insisted on dragging into daylight at once. So he did one or two hours' work each day, and grumbled at it in a very amusing manner. By tacit consent, the little room had been kept sacred to him; there, when he chose, he worked without fear of interruption. It was no doubt on account of this that Miss Rivers felt that uncontrollable desire to sit for a while in this particular room. The stupidity of her desire need not be commented upon, as her generally idiotic nature must have made itself manifest many pages back. She entered the room and closed the door softly. She sat down at the leather-covered table, and leaning her head on her hands, looked anything but a prosperous, healthy, comfortable, young woman. Presently she glanced stealthily around her, and from the bosom of her dress drew out a photograph of a very handsome, distinguished-looking man. Mr Hope had given it to her, at her request, some days before. It was to go into her celebrity album, she told him. Laying it on the table between her elbows, Miss Rivers gazed at it long and earnestly, until her foolish eyes became so misty with tears that she could see it no longer. One by one those tears began to fall, and soon came so fast that she gave in altogether—forgot where she was—forgot all risk of interruption; and laying her head on the table, presented the very picture of woe. Her bewailings and beweeplings were at their greatest height, when the door was suddenly thrown open and Mr Hope stood before her! She sprang to her feet, and in her agitation brushed the photograph to the ground. Even in her dire confusion, the prayer that it might have fallen face downwards framed itself. But she dared not look to see; she had to face the intruder as best she could. Yet he seemed for the moment taken even more aback than Miss Rivers. He stammered out something about a shaft broken three miles from home—impossibility of catching train—come back to write telegram, &c. Then he looked on the ground, and what he saw there was enough to make him glance wonderingly at the shamefaced girl, who stood before him with wet lashes and glowing cheeks.

'Miss Rivers—Heritage!' he said, 'tell me what this means.'

She made no reply, but endeavoured to pass him. He blocked the way, and by the exercise

of some force, took both her hands in his. As they stood there, she could see on the ground between them that unlucky photograph lying face upwards.

'Let me go, Mr Hope,' she said. 'It is unkind to keep me against my will.'

Her appeal was vain. His strong hands held her yet more firmly. He seemed to be waiting until she chose to look up and meet his eyes. But that would never have been—not if they had stood there till the present moment.

At last he spoke; his voice was almost grave: 'Heritage, I am very proud. I have always vowed I would ask no woman twice to be my wife; but I will ask you once more if you love me.'

Miss Rivers only bent her head lower and lower.

'Answer me, Heritage!' he said in a changed, passionate voice. 'My darling, answer me; and this time truthfully!'

It was no use. Had she wished to do so, she could fight no longer. She ventured to raise her eyes a little, and said, so timidly, so differently from her usual way of speaking: 'If I thought you would only forgive me, I would try and show you what I cannot—will not, tell you—how much I love you!' She was very, very humble in her new-found happiness.

Then Vincent Hope loosened her hands a little, and— Well, these things only happen once in the life of a true woman, and she should neither write nor speak about them. But when Charlie Lighton came to look for the telegram, not even written, nor, in the proposed form, to be written, Vincent Hope and Heritage Rivers were wondering, as every orthodox pair of lovers should wonder, why they were chosen out to be made the two very happiest people in the whole world.

So this was how I consummated my revenge.

It was only after we were married that I ventured to tell my husband that I had actually laid myself out to win his love—and why, when won, I had rejected it. My confession, which was really seriously made, being complete, he looked at me with mock-severity.

'Heritage,' he said, 'had I known this before, I might, even at the eleventh hour, have thought better of the step I was taking in putting my future in the hands of such a vindictive young woman.'

'And perhaps, sweet sir,' I answered, 'for the very fear of that, I have deferred my explanation until now.'

WHAT COLOUR IS G FLAT?

A QUESTION has lately been asked in one of the London daily journals, 'What colour is G flat?' And there has arisen a discussion as to whether the question is an intelligible one, and if so, what is the correct answer? As the subject is probably not a familiar one to ordinary readers, we will endeavour to show what is meant by the question and how far it can have a satisfactory reply.

There has long been observed some apparent connection between the seven notes in an octave of the ordinary musical scale and the seven colours observable in a rainbow, commonly called the prismatic colours. Also the use of the words

chromatic scale, derived from the Greek word *chroma*, colour, tells us that such a connection has been noted. This chromatic scale is the one in which are registered all the notes, both tones and semitones, of the common musical scale; and the word chromatic points to the idea that there is an apparent or supposed connection between the various shades of colour in the solar spectrum, and the various numbers of vibrations which give rise to the different notes in the common scale. In this complete scale, C sharp and D flat are not strictly the same, but they are represented by one note on the keyboard of a pianoforte. Similarly of F sharp and G flat. The difference may be represented on a violin, but not on a pianoforte. And if it can be shown that there is a relation between the number of vibrations of a string and a certain musical note, as the natural C, and that there is a similar relation, through an ascending scale of vibrations, corresponding to and producing the successive notes of the octave from C to B, then there is clearly seen a close connection between the number of vibrations and the tone resulting from these vibrations.

If, again, it can be proved that there is a relation between the number of vibrations, not of a string, but of a very different substance—namely, a very subtle invisible fluid termed ether, and the sensation of light, with its numerous varieties of colour, so that there can be found a certain number of vibrations—or undulations, as they are called—producing the colour red; and then through an ascending scale of these undulations other numbers corresponding to the various colours, from red, through orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, up to violet, there can be again seen a close connection between certain numbers of vibrations and certain colours in the solar spectrum.

Seeing, then, that the ascending scale of vibrations of musical strings passes through a gradation of *seven*, and conveys to us the sensation of sounds which please and satisfy the ear; and a certain scale of other vibrations passes also through the gradation of *seven*, and conveys to us the sensation of definite colours which please the eye, it seems as though there were established a very decided analogy between the sound emitted by a musical note and some special colour. It seems, then, possible to give some intelligible answer, if not to the question, What colour is G flat? yet at least to the question, What colour in the solar spectrum corresponds to the musical note to which we give the name of G flat?

It is now worth while to mention the number of vibrations of which we have been speaking, whereby these two different effects of sound and colour are produced. The difference in the magnitudes of the numbers in the two cases is very startling. We will first speak of the vibrations of musical strings. Most persons know an ordinary tuning-fork, with which a singer, and especially a teacher of singing, desires to produce the sound of a given note, from which note he may commence the musical scale, and so pitch his voice in harmony with that note, that he can thence rise to any note that he pleases in the octave which best suits the compass of his voice. And if we observe a tuning-fork marked C—that is, the first note of the ordinary scale—we shall find it stamped with a certain number. That numeral indicates the

number of vibrations made in one second by the fork, which, when struck against a hard substance, emits the note C. If this is the C which is about the middle of the keyboard of a pianoforte, the number will be about 512. Various nations and authorities have differed somewhat as to the *pitch* selected, the numbers variously accepted being 512, 528, and 546. The first number has in its favour the very high authority of the late Sir J. Herschel. If we had a fork marked F in the same octave, it would have a higher number, and so on through the octave; and of B it would be the highest, namely, 960. This would be the range for one particular octave. And if we had forks which would produce notes of higher octaves, the figures would be in the same ratio, though larger.

To produce the lowest C on a grand pianoforte, the fork would require to make thirty-two vibrations per second; for the highest C, 2048; the whole series being 32, 64, 128, 256, 512, 1024, 2048, in which series it is easily seen that each number is double of the one preceding it.

We need not here introduce all the complicated numbers which are found to represent the number of vibrations corresponding to all the notes on the keyboard of a pianoforte. But we may mention that if the number corresponding to the C in any octave be denoted by the number 1, and the number corresponding to the next C by 2, the six notes lying between the first and second C will be represented by the fractions $\frac{9}{8}, \frac{5}{4}, \frac{3}{2}, \frac{2}{3}, \frac{4}{3}, \frac{15}{8}$; so that if the vibrations producing the first C are 512, and those producing the second C are 1024, the intermediate numbers will be obtained by taking the above fractional parts of 512; and they will be found to be 576, 640, 682 $\frac{2}{3}$, 768, 853 $\frac{1}{3}$, and 960.

We have now to try and ascertain what are the numbers of vibrations of ether corresponding to the various prismatic colours, just as we have ascertained the numbers of vibrations of a string representing the seven natural notes in one octave of the diatonic scale. These vibrations or waves are extremely minute, their length varying from '0000257 to '0000165 of an inch; and the corresponding number of waves that pass into the eye in one second to produce the effect of red is no less than 458 billions; and to produce violet is 727 billions. But since few persons can form any intelligent idea of the vibrations of ether, and especially of the above enormous numbers, we may borrow a beautiful illustration of their possible production from a lecture on the Senses delivered in Manchester in 1872 by Professor Croom Robertson. He imagines a rod whirled round in a perfectly dark room, the number of its rotations rising from sixteen or twenty per second to nearly forty thousand. The effect will be that there will be emitted every species of note from the lowest growl to a shrillness that would be almost unbearable; and then all would be still. But let the number of rotations keep increasing till it reached some millions in a second, then faint rays of heat would begin to be felt, increasing until, when the number reached the almost inconceivable figure of four hundred billions, a dim red light would become visible in the gloom. And as that number increased, till it reached nearly eight hundred billions, there would be emitted rays of all the colours of the solar spectrum from red to violet; till

again there would succeed a stillness never to be broken.

As we proceed from red to violet in the spectrum, we of course meet with every variety of number of waves, corresponding to the infinite variety of mixture of colours. For as we leave one colour, say red, and commence the orange, there cannot be drawn any very sharp line of demarcation between the two colours; but there must be a fusion. Indeed, it is well known that the ordinary seven prismatic colours are produced by a fusion of the three primary colours, red, yellow, and blue. All these three colours are found through the whole length of the spectrum, as first observed by Sir Isaac Newton. And the resulting colours are produced by the greater or less preponderance of one of the three over the other two.

When, therefore, we come to ask, 'What colour is G flat?' we are simply asked to superimpose a certain length which may be taken as representing the length of one octave of the diatonic scale, or the chromatic scale, upon a similar length representing the solar spectrum. If the upper length were made of transparent glass, and only the notes of the whole chromatic scale marked thereon, so that we could, through this upper glass, see the colours of the spectrum beneath, we should see what was the special colour corresponding to any particular note, or even to any intermediate number of vibrations to which no name of any note is given. And just as we could conceive of the number of vibrations proceeding from the number five hundred and twelve up to ten hundred and twenty-four, even by single units, so there would be a colour in the solar spectrum corresponding to every such step. What name should be given to the colour lying beneath any special line in the glass on which the notes of the scale were marked, might be settled by arbitrary decision. The number of new names given to various varieties of colour, as mauve, magenta, solferino, &c., has greatly increased of late years. But we have not yet given a name to every combination of colours that could correspond to each successive number of vibrations. In the correspondence alluded to at the commencement of this article, one writer gives 'Chalons Brown' as the proper colour corresponding to G flat. Whatever may be the true answer for each particular note of the scale, we think we have made clear what is intended by the question, 'What colour is G flat?' and have indicated the way in which the question can be correctly answered.

'THE PRIVATEER.'

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE time, eleven o'clock on a sunny autumn morning. The scene, a front-room on the first-floor of a fashionable boarding-house in Brighton. The room in question has two French-windows, that open on to a balcony, from which a long stretch of the King's Road is visible on either hand. Beyond that, in the foreground comes the shelving, shingly beach; and last of all, an illimitable expanse of opaline sun-smitten sea. Although both the windows stand wide open, as if to invite the fresh air and the sunshine, a fire that would not do discredit to December is

burning in the grate. Between the windows hangs a Dollond's thermometer. An easy-chair is drawn up near the fire; while over the back of a smaller chair, the *Times* has been hung to air. A breakfast equipage for one person occupies the low occasional table, together with some dozen or more letters, newspapers, and circulars, which the morning's post has brought. Over the back of a couch on the opposite side of the room have been flung a couple of overcoats and a heavy fur pelisse, together with some three or four shawls of Oriental manufacture.

The last stroke of eleven had scarcely been struck by the little clock on the chimney-piece, when the door was opened, and there came into the room a middle-aged man, dressed in black, of a discreet and serious aspect, with yet something in his air and manner that was suggestive of the profession of arms. The individual in question was none other than Mr Juxon, body-servant to Colonel Crampton, lately back from India after an absence of twenty years. Mr Juxon shut the door and looked round with a frown. 'Whew! Enough to blow one's head off,' he exclaimed. 'My last words to that pert hussy of a housemaid were: "Be careful to keep the windows shut;" and this is the result. To be sure, it's a bright, sunny morning enough; but what's the good of sunshine when there's no warmth in it?' Having carefully closed the two windows, Juxon took a glance at the thermometer. 'Only up to sixty-five,' he muttered, 'and the Colonel will be down in a minute or two. Enough to give any gentleman his death of cold.' With that he took to poking the fire vigorously; and then, there being nothing more to do, he applied himself to a leisurely perusal of the *Times*, pending his master's appearance.

A few minutes later, Colonel Crampton walked into the room. He was a tall, thin, somewhat emaciated-looking man, about five-and-forty years old, or possibly a little more. He had grizzled hair and moustache, refined aquiline features, and large, dark, kindly-looking eyes.

Juxon quietly refolded the paper and stood at 'attention.'

The Colonel came forward, shivering slightly and rubbing his hands. 'Juxon, you certainly intend to be the death of me. Am I in the arctic regions, or where am I?'

'Beg pardon, Colonel; but it's all along of that ignoramus of a housemaid. I told her to be sure and keep the windows shut.'

'And she left them wide open. Of course. The rule of contrary with her sex, as usual. To-morrow morning tell her to be sure to open the windows, and I'll wager ten to one you'll find them shut.—How's the glass?' asked the Colonel abruptly, as he began to poke the fire.

'Sixty-eight, sir. Gone up three in the last ten minutes.'

'Sixty-eight, and the wind in the east. I know it's in the east, my shoulder twinges so.—Help me on with my pelisse.—So. That's better. And now order up some more coals.'

'Yes, Colonel.'

'And the first thing after you've brought me my breakfast, go out and buy some listing—some tailor's listing—and some tin tacks, and try whether you can't stop the draughts from these confounded windows.'

'Yes, sir.'

As soon as Colonel Crampton found himself alone, he perched his double eyeglass on the ridge of his nose and became immersed in his correspondence. But he had not been thus engaged for more than five minutes, when a loud double knock at the front-door caused him to start uneasily.

'Another telegram, I dare wager, from my very remarkable sister-in-law,' he muttered. 'What a woman she is! I thought to escape her for a little while when I left London; but I did not know the extent of her resources.'

At this moment the door opened and a bright-eyed girl of eighteen burst into the room. 'Good-morning, uncle!' she cried. 'What a lazy old darling you are! I had my breakfast hours ago, and am almost ready for luncheon.' Then the Colonel was kissed impulsively, and did not seem to object to the process. 'Here's another telegram from mamma,' went on his tormentor in a breath: "'Be sure that your dear uncle has a cup of beef-tea at twelve, with a glass of the best old port in it.'"

'But, my dear Marian, I detest beef-tea.'

'Oh, that does not matter in the least. If mamma says you are to have beef-tea, beef-tea you must have. Nobody ever thinks of disobeying mamma's orders. If they were to do so, I don't know what would happen. Perhaps the world would come to an end.'

Here Juxon came in with his master's chocolate and rusks. Marian crossed to one of the windows, and waited there till he had vanished again. Then she said, but without turning her face from the window: 'Uncle, dear, I've some news to tell you.'

'Out with it, my pet,' mumbled the Colonel with his mouth full of rusk.

'Who do you think is coming down by the next train?'

'Bless my heart!—not your mamma?'

'No; not mamma; but—Horace.'

'Horace?'

'Horace Gray, you know. You can't have forgotten him, uncle!'

'Ah, now I recollect. Your sweetheart—and a very nice young fellow too. Well, my dear, you must go and see the fishes together. I notice that a great many young couples do make a point of inspecting the aquarium together. And after that, of course he will dine with us.'

'I thought that perhaps you would go for a drive with us before luncheon.'

'Go for a drive, my dear, in this vile east wind!'

'Why, the wind's in the west, uncle, as steady as a rock, and the sunshine is lovely.'

'My dear, it must be in the east, my shoulder twinges so.'

'That poor shoulder! How I wish I could charm away the pain!—But you will come for a drive, won't you?'

'Well, well, my dear, we will see. Perhaps—properly wrapped up, eh?'

'Of course. I will see that you don't take cold. Horace will be here in a few minutes now.' Then, as she turned towards the door, she added with a merry smile: 'Remember—the beef-tea at twelve to the minute. Mamma's orders must be obeyed!'

'That terrible sister-in-law!' growled the Colonel under his breath as Marian shut the door behind her. 'Why won't she leave me alone? Three telegrams yesterday, the last of 'em at ten P.M.—"Be sure that your dear uncle's sheets are properly aired. A little oatmeal posset would do him good." Then at seven this morning, just as I was in the middle of my second sleep, there comes a thundering rat-tat. Another telegram: "Be sure that your dear uncle's slippers are thoroughly warmed, and don't forget that he takes no butter with his toast." A terrible woman! No wonder that Brother Bob only lived three years after he married her.'

A minute or two later, Juxon came in, carrying a card on a salver.

The Colonel adjusted his double eyeglass, picked up the card, and read aloud: "'T. Merrydew, M.D." Why, bless my heart,' he added, staring at Juxon, 'it can't surely be—'

'But it can be, and it is,' broke in a voice at the door—'Tom Merrydew, your old school-chum, who has not seen you for twenty-five long years.' The speaker came forward and held out his hand. 'Charley, my dear boy, how are you? I should have known you anywhere and everywhere.'

'And I you, Tom, and I you,' answered the Colonel impulsively. Their hands had met in a firm grip by this time. 'I declare you're not a bit altered.'

'Nearly as gray as a badger. Call that nothing!'

'And I'm no better, Tom. That's the beauty of it. We were lads together, and now we are growing old together. How pleased I am to see you!'

Dr Merrydew was a plump, rosy-faced, little man with a ready smile, eyes that were at once keen and good-humoured, and a sort of breezy, open-air freshness of manner that was as good as a tonic to one half of his patients.

'But how came you to know that I was here?' asked the Colonel presently.

'Saw your name in the list of arrivals.—Phew! this room is enough to stifle one!' And with that, the little doctor crossed to one of the windows and flung it open.

The Colonel rose hastily. 'My dear Merrydew, don't do that,' he said. 'An open window in this climate is simply detestable.' He shivered, crossed the floor, and gently shut the window.

Merrydew was peering at the thermometer. 'The glass up to seventy-five and can't bear the window open!—And pray, my dear friend, what is this? As I live, a fur pelisse! Off with it this instant!'

'You are sure, Tom, that the glass is up to seventy-five? Ah, then I think that I may dispense with the pelisse. You must remember, Tom, that this is not India.'

'I should hope not, indeed.—Why did you leave India? Because you couldn't stand the climate any longer. And now what do we find?' Here he put on his severely professional manner. 'We find you, Charles Crampton, presumably a man of sense, not coming down to breakfast till eleven o'clock, when you ought to have been out of doors hours ago, taking a constitutional on the pier, or else a long canter on the downs.'

The Colonel rubbed his hands and drew his chair a couple of inches nearer the fire.

'We find you in a room heated to seventy-five degrees,' went on the doctor, 'wrapped in a fur cloak, and seated in front of a fire huge enough to roast a sheep, with windows and doors close shut! Well may you look so yellow and cadaverous! Charles Crampton, we must change all this! From this moment, consider yourself under my charge, and see whether I don't make a different man of you before you are two months older!' With that he got up, went over to the window and deliberately opened it.

The Colonel was cowed. He turned up the collar of his coat and spread his hands before the blaze. Then he said, speaking very gently: 'As a boy, Tom, you were the most irrepressible fellow I ever knew, and years seem only to have made you more obstinate still.'

'Call me pig-headed, and then you will about hit the mark,' answered Merrydew laughingly, as he went back to his chair, which he took care to draw farther away from the fire. 'But I always know what is good for my patients, better than they know themselves.'

'Won't you take a cup of chocolate?' asked the Colonel.

'At this time of the morning? Not if I know it.' Then planting his elbows on the table and staring across at the Colonel, he said: 'And so you've been frizzling in Bengal for the last quarter of a century, eh?'

'There or thereabouts.'

'Ah! my dear old friend, how proud it made me to hear of the gallant deed by which you won the Victoria Cross! A mist came over my eyes as I read the account. I seemed to have the whole picture before me; I seemed—'

"No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me," protested the Colonel gravely. 'Any other man in the brigade would have done what I did. The chance came to me—that was all.—And now, tell me about yourself.'

'Ask a limpet to tell its history. I bought a practice in this place when I started in life, and here I've been ever since.'

'Married?'

'More sense.—You?'

'No.' Here the Colonel coughed and stirred the fire. 'What a lot of old faces come back to me, Tom, conjured up by the sound of your voice!' he went on. 'There was Dixon, now—what a nice fellow he was! What has become of him?'

'Went to the bad years ago—was outlawed, and seen no more.'

'Poor Dixon!—And Lascelles? I used to like him. What has become of Lascelles?'

'Married a rich wife, went in for speculation, and now he's a millionaire. He passed me in the street the other day, and didn't know me.'

'Poor Lascelles!—And Gibson—the maddest, merriest fellow in the whole school?'

'Dead, years ago.'

'Happy Gibson!—I'll wager, Tom, that you've not forgotten Polly Luscombe, the confectioner's pretty daughter. How fond I was of that girl! What mountains of tarts I used to devour! And what fits of indigestion I used to have afterwards! Happy days!'

'The last time I heard of Polly, she was the mother of ten, and weighed sixteen stone.'

'Polly was always inclined to be plump. You recollect her long, glossy, auburn ringlets, Tom?'

'Auburn ringlets, my dear fellow? Polly Luscombe's ringlets were black—black as my hat.'

'Pooh, pooh, Tom—as if I could forget! I've twined them round my fingers many a time, when there was nobody but ourselves in the shop.'

'Hang it all, Colonel, I ought to know. I carried a lock of her hair about with me for a year—more fool I! It was as black as night.'

A little spot of colour came into each of the Colonel's sallow cheeks. 'Confound it, doctor, you will tell me next that I can't recollect my own name! I repeat, the girl's hair was auburn—a beautiful light auburn.'

The doctor's fist came down heavily on the table. 'Black, sir—black! Do you mean to accuse me of deliberate falsehood?'

The Colonel sprang to his feet and pushed back his chair. 'Do you mean to insinuate that I'm not speaking the truth? Once more I beg most emphatically to assert that Miss Luscombe's hair was not black, but auburn—auburn, sir!'

This brought Merrydew to his feet like a shot. 'If you think, sir, that I'm going to stay here and be insulted in this way, you are mistaken, sir.' He crossed to the side-table and took up his hat.

'Pity you ever came, sir,' growled the Colonel.

For a moment or two the doctor stood gazing into the crown of his hat, as though he were reading some message written there; then he went back to the table and held out his hand. 'Good-bye, Crampton; I'm glad to have met you again,' he said, not without a certain ring of pathos in his voice.

The Colonel's hand went out and grasped that of his friend. 'Good-bye, Merrydew,' he said mournfully. 'We may perhaps never see each other again.'

For a little space they stood thus, grasping each other's hand and gazing into each other's eyes. Then, with a queer little laugh, the doctor said: 'Colonel, it seems to me that we are a pair of old fools.'

'I quite agree with you there, Tom.'

'What the dickens can it matter what colour the girl's hair was?'

'It might be blue or green for anything I care. Sit down, man alive. You are not going yet. There are fifty things I want you to tell me about.'

At this moment there came a loud double knock at the front-door.

'Another telegram from my terrible sister-in-law,' muttered the Colonel.

Merrydew went and replaced his hat on the side-table, and paused for a second or two to examine an engraving on the wall. The Colonel, taking advantage of the opportunity, crossed the floor on tiptoe and softly closed the French-window.

A moment later, Marian entered the room.

'Another telegram from mamma,' she said.

'Read it aloud, my dear,' remarked the Colonel drily.

"'Cablegram from New York,'" read Marian. —"Depression crossing the Atlantic. Heavy rains and stormy weather may be expected. Be careful your dear uncle does not venture out without his goloshes and umbrella."

The Colonel made a little grimace. 'A soldier in goloshes!—What have I done to merit this?' he said to his friend. Then turning to Marian, he added: 'My dear, let me introduce you to my oldest friend, Dr Merrydew.—Tom, this is my niece, Miss Marian Chester.'

The doctor shook hands with Marian and said a few pleasant words; then turning to the Colonel, 'Why hasn't Providence been as kind to me?' he asked. 'I'm a bachelor—I've plenty of money—why haven't I a niece?'

'Perhaps you never had a brother or a sister?'

'Never.'

'Then you can hardly expect to have a niece, can you?'

'Now you put it in that way, I suppose I hardly can. But it seems hard, though.'

'I'm going to look after your beef-tea, uncle. I won't trust it to the cook,' put in Marian.

'But, my dear, I detest'—

'No matter—mamma's orders, you know,' was the answer with a mischievous smile. And then she went.

'I love that girl, Tom, as if she were my own child,' remarked the Colonel. 'She will come in for nearly all I have to leave.'

'And you have allowed her mother to become aware of that fact, I'll be bound.'

'I'm afraid I did drop a hint or two one day.'

'I guessed as much. Hence the telegrams.'

'What can it matter?'

'Will you never learn a little worldly wisdom?'

The doctor, who was of a fidgety disposition, rubbed his fingers through his hair, got up, and began to pace the room.

M I S S E D.

A SILENCE like the hush of fear
Fills all the house this summer day;
Familiar accents startle near,
Or fade in murmurs far away.

And breaking as from distant gloom,
A face comes painted on the air;
A presence walks the haunted room,
Or sits within the vacant chair.

The lightest wind that shakes the glass,
The sound that stirs awhile the street,
Seems to the listening heart, alas!
Like footfall of beloved feet.

And every object that I feel
Seems charged by some enchanter's wand,
And keen the dizzy senses thrill,
As with the touch of spirit hand.

At morning in the rosy flush,
At noontide in the fiery glow,
At evening in the golden hush,
At night as pass the minutes slow,

A form beloved comes again,
A voice beside me seems to start,
While eager fancies fill the brain,
And eager passions hold the heart.

S. CLARKE.

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